James Oliver Curwood

# The Courage of Captain Plum

CHAPTER XII Marion Freed From Bondage.

CHAPTER XII. MARION FREED FROM BONDAGE.

"Gone!" moaned Winnsome again. "She

No. They are to be married tonight.
Oh, I thought she was going to stay!"
She tore herself away from him to go to Nell, who had fallen upon his face exhausted, a dozen vards away.

In the wet sand, where the incoming waves lapped his hands and feet. Nathaniel sank down, his eyes staring out into the shimmering distance where Marion had gone. His brain was in a daze, and he wondered if he had been stricken by some strange mediess—if this all was

ion had gone. His brain was in a daze, and he wondered if he had been stricken by some strange madness—if this all was but some passing phantasm that would soon leave him again to his misery and his despair. But the dash of the cold water against him cleared away his doubt. Marion had come to him. She had saved him from death. And now she was gone.

And she was not the king's wife!

He singgered to his feet again and plunged into the lake until the water reached to his waist, calling her name entreating her in weak, half choked cries to come back to him. The water spaked through to his hot, numb body, restoring his reason and strength, and he buried his face in it and drank like one who had been near to dying of thirst. Then he returned to Neil. Winnsome was holding his head in her arms.

He dropped upon his kness beside them and saw that life was returning full and strong in Nell's face.

"You will be able to walk in a few minutes," he said. "You and Winnsome must leave here. We are on the mainland and if you follow the shore northward you will come to the settlements. I am going back for Marion."

Nell made an effort to follow him as he rose to his feet.

"Yat—Nat—wait—"

Winnsome held him back, frightened, tightening her arms about him.

"You must go with Winnsome," urged Nathaniel, seizing the hand that Neil stretched up to him. 'You must take her to the first settlement up the coast. I will come back to you with Marion."

retched up to him. 'You must take her the first settlement up the coust. I ll come back to you with Marion.' He spoke confidently, as a man who es his way open clearly before him, d yet as he turned half running, to e low black shadow of the distant forthe knew, that he was beginning a and fight against fate. If he could find hunter's cabin, a fisherman's shanty—boat!

boat!

Barely had be disappeared when a voice Barely had be disappeared when a voice tiled to him. It was Winnsome. The if ran up to him holding something in the hand. It was a pistol, "You may sed it!" she exclaimed. "We brought

And Nathaniel, following her with his over until he could no longer see her, picked up the pistol and set off again toward the forest, the touch of her lips and the prayers of this girl whose father had slain filling him with something that was more than strength, more than lope. Life had been given to him again, strong, fighting life, and with it and Winnsome's words there returned his old confidence, his old during. There was everything for him to win now. His doubts and his fears had been swept away. Marion was not dead, she was not the king's wife—and it was not of another that he had accepted proof of another that he had accepted proof of for love for him, for he had foit the pressure of her arms about his neck and the warmth of her lips upon his face. He had until night—and the dawn was just beginning to break. Ten or fifteen miles to the north there were scores of settlers homes and fishermen's shantles. Surely within an hour or two he would find a boat.

He turned where the edge of the for-

need it!" she exclaimed. "We brought two"

Nathaniel reached out hesitatingly, but not to take the weapon. Gently, as though his touch was about to fall upon some fragile flower, he drew the girl to him, took her beautiful face between his two strong hands and gazed steadily and silently for a moment into her eyes.

"God bless you, little Winnsome!" he whispered. "I hope that some day you will—forgive me."

The girl understood him.

"If I have anything to forgive—you are forgiven."

The pistol dropped upon the sand, her hands stole to his shoulders.

"I want you to take something to Marion for me," she whispered softly, "This!"

And she kised him.

Her eyes shone upon him like a benediction.

"You have given me a new life, you to have a hout the dunes still, stretched out ahead of him like winnows and hills and The sun rose above him, hot and The sun rose above him, het and The sun rose above him, lot and The sun rose abov

Where Shall I Spend the Winter?

THE SUBMARINE GARDENS

Probably the best known of SANTA CATALINA'S many unique and beautiful attractions should be seen by EVERY TOURIST to SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA this winter. For seeing the life of the deep sea though glass bottom boats is a sight only—



THE WINTER CLIMATE OF THIS WONDEROUS ISLE IS PERFECT. VERY WARM, Frost practically unknown. For very seldom, NOTED FOR THE PINEST GOLD LINKS IN-WEST. Write for illustrated booklet.



HOTEL YORKE

LOS ANGELES

A MODERN EUROPEAN PLAN HOTEL.

Hot any cold water; steam heat, Bath free to guests. Located in business center. Convenient to nanks, the shopping district and all places of amusements

F. F. THOMPSON Prop.



HOTEL SNOW

New concrete steet biniding Absolutely fire-proof. Every accommodation. Sixth & Flower Los Angeles. All Cars From Depot.

TRIBUNE GIVES YOUR WANTS THE LARGEST CIRCULATION

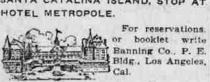


Virginia BY THE SEA

Is absolutely fireproof. Offers every accommodation. Guests of this mammoth hostelry have full privileges at FAMOUS VIRGINIA COUNTRY CLUB. The winter bathing as well as the hundreds of outdoor amusements and FINE ROADS for AUTOMORILING will appeal to YOU. OUR BEAUTI-FUL BOOKLET is illustrated and yeary interesting.

CARL STANLEY, MGR., Ocean ave-Long Beach,

WHILE SEEING THE SIGHTS OF SANTA CATALINA ISLAND, STOP AT





ESORT ON THE PACIFIC COAST. ONG BEACH, CAL. ESTABLISHED ON BATTLE CREEK PLAN. Pressed brick buildings. Medical attention very cest. Graduate nurses only. Tennis and all outdoor amusements. The Pacific Ocean but a few blocks from Sanitarium, where winter batbing is ideal. MAKE THIS BEALTHPIL, INSTITUTION YOUR WINTER HOME. BEAUTIFUL BOOK-LET FREE.



SANATORIUM
and health resort, on the mountain slope
at Sierra Madre, but few miles from
Los Angeles. Altitude 156e ft. Ten cottages. mission bungalows, clubbonse,
classes in art and craft, resident physirian, trained nurses. Mod rates, For
Bocklet, etc., address either Sanatorium
or 106 Coulter Eldo., Los Angeles.



have given me—Neil! My prayers are with you."

And kissing him again, she slipped away from under his hands before he could speak.

And Nathaniel, following her with his eyes until he could no longer see her, picked up the pistol and set off again toward the forest, the touch of her lips and the prayers of this girl whose father had slain filling him with something that was more than strength, more than strong, fighting hire, and with it and Winnsotne's words there returned his old confidence, his old daring. There was everything for him to win now. His doubts and his fears had been swept.

And his heart beat excitedly with hope. Where there was rice there were wild fowl, and surely where there was rice there were wild fowl, and surely where there was cance! In his eagerness he ran, and where the hint the mud all water, he stopped with an exultant cry. At his feet was a cance. It was wet, as though just drawn out of the water, and a freshly used but to take a quick and cautious glance about him he shoved the frail craft into the lake and with a few quiet strokes buried himself in the rice grass.

pressure of her arms about his neck and the warmth of her lips upon his face. He shall outfil night—and the dawn was just had until night—and the dawn was just had the water the word where the edge of the forest cline down to meet the white water of the sear and set off at a slow, and the her cline of the sear and set off at a slow, as the dark harrier of the forest cline down to meet the white water of the sear cline down to meet the white water of the sear cline down to meet the white water of the sear cline down to meet the would find the provide within an hour or two he would made to preven the starts faded away in the great of the sear that had the search had a start faded away in the great of the search was still started the would had to sear the search was still until the search had search the would had the search had the se

the clearing. He assured himself that it would do no harm, that he still would take no chances.

He came out in the strip of dense for est between the clearing and St. James, worming his way cautiously through the underbrush until he could look out into underbrush until he could look out into the opening. A single glance and he drew back in astonishment. He looked again, and his face turned suddenly white, and an almost inaudible cry fell from his lips. There was no longer a cabin in the clearing! Where it had been there was gathered a crowd of men and boys. Above their heads he saw a film of smoke and he knew what had happened. Marion's home had burned! But what was the crowd doing? It hung close in about the smoldering rulns as if every what was the crowd doing? It hung close in about the smoldering ruins as if every person in it were striving to reach a common centor. Surely a mere fire would not gather and hold a throng like this. Nathaniel rose to his feet and thrust his head and shoulders from his hiding place. He heard a loud shout near him and drew back quickly as a boy rushed madly across the opening toward the crowd, crying out at the top of his voice. He had come out of the path that led to St. James. No sooner had he reached the group about the burned cabin than there came a change that added to Nathaniel's bewilderment. He heard loud voices, the excited shouting of men and the shrill cries of boys, and the crowd suddenly began to move, thinning itself out until it was racing in a black stream toward the Mormon city. In his excitement Nathaniel hurried toward the path. From the concealment of a clump of bushes he watched the people as they rushed past him a dozen paces away. Behind all the others there came a figure that drew a sharp cry from him as he leaned from his hiding place. It was in about the smoldering rulns as if every

rushed past him a dozen paces away. Rehind all the others there came a figure that drew a sharp cry from him as he leaped from his hiding place. It was Obadiah Price.

"Obadiah Price."

The old man turned. His face was livid. He was chattering to himself, and he chattered still as he ran up to Nataniel he betrayed no surprise at seeing him, and yet there was the Insane grip of steel in the two hands that clutched flercely at Nathaniel's.

In time Nat!" he Nathaniel did not let her finish. Gently 

the lilacs.
"They were killed last night!" he cried shrilly "Somebody murdered them—and burned them with the house! They are send—dead."

dead—dead:
"Who?" shouted Nathaniel.

Obadiah had stopped and was rubbing and twisting his hands in his old, mad "The old folks. Ho, ho, the old folks. of course! They are dead—dead—dead—dead—

"The old folks. Ho, ho, the old folks. of course! They are dead—dead—dead—"

He fairly shrieked the words. Then, for a moment, he stood tightly clutching his thin hands over his chest in a powerful effort to control himself. "They are dead!" he repeated.

He spoke more calmiy, and yet there was something so terrible in his eyes, something so harshly vibrant of elation in the quivering passion of his voice that Nathaniel felt himself filled with a strange horror. He caught him by the arm, shaking him as he would have shaken a child.

"Where is Marion?" he asked. "Tell me, Obadiah-where is Marion?"

The councilor seemed not to have heard him. A singular change came into his face and his eyes traveled beyond Nathaniel. Following his glance the young man saw that three men had appeared from the scorched shrubbery about the burned house and were hurrying toward them. Without shifting his eyes obadiah spoke to him quickly.

"Those are king's sheriffs. Nat." he said. "They know me. In a moment they will recognize you. The United States warship Michigan has just arrived in the harbor to arrest Strang If you can reach the cabin and hold it for an hour you will be saved. Quick-you must run—"

"Where is Marion?"

"At the cabin? She is at—"

Nathaniel waited to hear no more, but sped toward the breach in the forest that marked the beginning of the path to Obadiahis. The shouts of the king's men came to him unheeded. At the edge of the woods he glanced back and saw that they had overtaken the councilor. As he ran he drew his pistol and in his wild joy he flung back a shout of defiance to the men who were pursuing him Marion was at the cabin—and a government ship had come to put an end to the reign of the Moromo king! He shouted Marion's name as he came in sight of the cabin, he cried it aloud as he bounded up the low steps.

"Marion—Marion—"

In front of the door that led to the tiny chamber in which he had taken Obadiah's gold he saw a figure. For a moment he was blinded by his sudden dash from the light of day into the gl

his happiness.
"I love you, I love you—"
He felt the warm touch of her lips.
"You will go with me?"
"If you want me," she whispered. "I
you want me—after you know—what

am.

She shuddered against his breast, and he raised her face between his two hands and kissed her until she drew away from

"You must wait—you must wait!"
He saw now in her face an agony that appalled him. He would have gone to her again, but there came loud voices from the forest, and recovering his pistol he sprang to the door. Half a hundred paces away were Obadiah and the king's sheriffs. They had stopped and the councilor was expostulating excitedly with the men, evidently trying to keep them from the cabin. Suddenly one of the three broke past him and ran swiftly toward the open door, and with a shriek

er two fired again as Nathanial rushed down upon them. He heard the zip of one of the balls, which came so close that it siung his cheek. "Take that!" he cried. He fired, still running—once, twice, "Take that" he cried. He fired, still running—once, twice hree times and one of the two mer crumpled down as though a powerful blow had broken his legs under him.

The other turned into the path and ran. Nathaniel caught a glimpse of a frightened, boylsh face, and something of mercy prompted him to hold the shot he was about to send through his lungs.

"Stop!" he shouted. "Stop!" "Stop!" he shouted. "Stop!" He aimed at the fugitive's legs and

halted to make sure of his last hall He was about to shoot when there came a sharp command from down the path and a file of men burst into view, running at double-quick, He saw the flash of a saber, the gleam of brass buttons, the blue glare of the setting sun on leveled carbines, and he stopped, shoulder to shoulder with the man he had been pursuing. For a moment he stared as the man with the naked saber approached. Then he sprang toward him with a joyful cry of recognition.

"My God, Sherly—Sherly—"

He stood with his arms stretched out, his naked chest heaving.
"Sherly—Lieutenant Sherly—don't you know me?"

The lieutenant had dropped the point of his saber. He advanced a step, his face filled with astonishment.

"Flum" he cried incredulously. "Is it you?"

For the moment Nathaniel could only

"Flum!" he cried incredulously. "Is it you?"

For the moment Nathaniel could only wring the other's hand. He tried to speak but his breath choked him.

"I told you in Chicago that I was going to blow up this damned island—if you wouldn't do it for me—"he gasped at last. "Twe had—a hell of a time—""You look it!" laughed the lieutenant. "We got our orders the second day after you left to 'Arrest Strang, and break up the Mormon kingdom!" We've got Strang aboard the Michigan. But he's dead." dead." Dead!"

"He was shot in the back by one "He was shot in the back by one of his own men as we were bringing him up the gang-way. The fellow who killed him has given himsef up, and says that he did it because Strang had him publicly whipped day before yesterday. I'm up here hunting for a man named Obadiah Price. Do you know—"

Nathanlel interrupted him excitedly. "What do you want with Obadiah Price?"

"What do you want with Obadiah Price?"
"The president of the United States wants him. That's all I know. Where is he?"
"Back there—dead or very badly wounded! We've just had a fight with the king's men—"
The lieutenant broke in with a sharp command to his men.

Nathaniel did not let her finish. Gently

ant came up.
"You must go to the cabin, sweet-heart." he whispered.

"You must go to the cabin, sweetheart." he whispered.

Even in this moment of excitement and death his great love drove all else from his eyes, and the blood surged into Marton's pale cheeks as she tremblingly gave him her hand. He led her to the door, and held her for a moment in his arms.

"Strang is dead." he said softly. In a few words he told her what had happened and turned back to the door, leaving her speechless.

"If he is dving—you will tell me—" she called after him.

"Yes, yes, I will tell you."
He ran back into the opening.

The lieutenant had doubled his coat under Obadiah's head and his face was pale as he looked up at Nathaniel. The latter saw in his eyes what his lips kept silent. The officer held something in his hand. It was the mysterious package which Captain Plum had taken his outh to deliver to the president of the United States.

"I don't dare move until the surgeon comes," said the lieutenant. "He wants to speak to you. I believe, if he has anything to say you had better hear it now."

His last words were in a whisper so low

His last words were in a whisper so low that Nathaniel scarcely heard them. As the lieutenant rose to his feet, he whis-

He was almost crying, like a boy, in his happiness.

"I love you, I love you—"
He felt the warm touch of her lips.
"You will go with me." she whispered. "If you want me—after you know—what I an—"
She shuddered against his breast, and he raised her face between his two hands and k issed her until she drew away from him, crying softly.

"You must wait—you must wait!"
He saw now in her face an agony that appalled him. He would have gone to her again, but there came loud voices from the forest, and recovering his pistol he sprang to the door. Haif a hundred paces away were Obadiah and the king's sheriffs. They had stopped and the councillor was expostulating excitedly with the sprang to the door. Haif a hundred paces away were Obadiah and the king's sheriffs. They had stopped and the councillor was expostulating excitedly with the sprang to the door. "Marion!" he called blinding tears shut of the grif from his eyes. I him the reached. His thin hand sought his companion's and clung to it tightly. "We have won. The vengeance of God—has come!"
In these last moments all madness had left the eyes of Obadiah Price.
"I want to tell you," he whispered, and Nathaniel bent low. "I have given him the tickade. It is evidence I have gathered—all these years—to destroy the Mormon kingdom."
He tried to turn his head.
"Marion." he whispered, and Nathaniel. "I want to tell you," he whispered, and Nathaniel bent low. "I have given him the tickade with the tickade of the grif from his eyes. I him the price.

In these last moments all madness had left the eyes of Obadiah Price.

In these last moments all madness had left the eyes of Obadiah Price.

In these last moments all madness had left the eyes of Obadiah Price.

"I want to tell you," he whispered, and Nathaniel bent low. "I have given him the tickade years—to destroy the Mormon kingdom."

He tried to turn his head.
"Marion." he whispered, and Nathaniel. "I want to tell you." he whispered, and Nathaniel bent low. "I have given him the tickade years—to destroy the Mormon kingdom."

"No-not yet."

Obadiah's fingers tightened about Cap

Obadiah's fingers tightened about Captain Plum's.

"I want to tell—you."

For a few moments he seemed struggling to command all his strength.

"A good many years ago." he said, as if speaking to himself, "I loved a girl—like Marion, and she loved me—as Marion loves you. Her people were Mormons, and they went to Kirtland—and I followed them. We planned to escape and go east, for my Jean was good and beautiful, and hated the Mormons as I hated them. But they caught us and—thought—they—killed—"

The old man's lips twitched and a convulsive shudder shook his body.

The old man's lips twitched and a convulsive shudder shook his body.

"When everything came back to me I was older-much older," he went on. "My hair was white. I was like an old man. My people had found me and they told me that I had been mad for three years, Nat-mad-mad-mad' and that a great surgeon had operated on my head, where they struck me-and brought me back to reason. Nat-Nat-" He strained to raise himself, gasping excitedly. "God. I was like you then, Nat! I went back to fight for my Jean. She was gone. I hunted from settlement to settlement. In my madness I became a Mormon for vongeance-in hope of finding her. I was rich, and I became powerful. I was made an elder because of my gold. Then I found—"A moan trembled on the old man's light.

death. He roused himself almost fiercely.

"But he loved my Jean, Nat—he loved her as I loved her—and he was a good man!" he whispered shrilly. "Quick—quick—I must tell you—they tried to escape from Missouri and the Danites killed him—and Joseph Smith wanted Jean and at the last moment she killed herself to save her honor—as—Marion—was going—to—do, and she left two children—"

He coughed and blood flecked his lips. "She left—Marion and Niel!"

He sank back, ashen white and still, and with a cry Nathaniel turned to the lieutenant. The officer ran forward with a flack in his hand.

"Give him this!"

The touch of liquor to Obadiah's lips revived him. He whispered weakly.

"The children, Nat—I tried to find them—and years after—I did—in Nauvoo. The man and woman who had killed the fath—er in their own house had taken thom and were raising them as their own. I went for it, year after year. I wanted the children—but if I took them all would be lost. I followed them, watched them, loved them—and they loved me. I would wait—walt—until my vengeance— would fall like the hand of God, and then I would free them, and tell them how beautiful their mother was. When Joseph would free them, and tell them how beau-tiful their mother was. When Joseph Smith was willed and the split came the old folks followed Strang—and I—I He rested a moment, breathing heav-

bead was terribly battered. On the bed lay the elder daughter, with her throat cut, and on the other bed the child of 5 lay moaning.

Chanel, who was 76 years old, had gone out for a walk and returned an hour before his niece's husband had returned home. The rest of the story is told by the little grandniece who survived the murderer's blows. He quarreled with Mme. Aussenac.

"He tried to put something in my medicine," said the child, "and mother would not let him. Then he got angry, and said mother had robbed him of his home. Mother had been ironing when he came in, and the iron was on the board. ily.
"I brought my Jean with me and buried ber up there on the hill—the middle grave. Nat, the middle grave—Marion's Nathaniel pressed the liquor to the old

the king's men—"

The lieutenant broke in with a sharp command to his men

"Quick, lead us to him. Captain Plum! If he's not dead—"

He started off at a half run beside Nathaniel

"Lord, it's a pretty mess if he is!" he added breathlessly. Without pausing he called back over his shoulder. "Regan, called back over his shoulder. "Regan, tall out and return to the ship. Tell the captain that Obadiah Price is badly wounded and that we want the surgeon wounded and that we want the surgeon three captain that obadiah received them with death unless Marton became his wife. His shewed her the evidence! He done. He showed her the evidence! He threatened them with death unless Marton became his wife. His sheriffs watched them night and day. He named the hour of their doom—unless Marton became his wife. His sheriffs watched them night and day. He named the hour of their doom—unless Marton became his wife. His sheriffs watched them night and day. He named the hour of their doom—unless Marton became his wife. His sheriffs watched them night and day. He named the hour of their doom—unless Marton yielded to him. And to save them, her supposed parents—to keep the terrible knowledge of their crime from Nell-Marton—was—go-ing—to—sacrifice—herself—when—"

Again he stopped. His breath was coming—to sacrifice—herself—when—"

Again he stopped. His breath was coming—to sacrifice—herself—when—"

I understand." whispered Nathaniel. "I understand."

"I understand—"
Obadiah's dimming eyes gazed at him steadily.

"I thought my vengeance would come—
in time—to save, her, Nat. But—it failed.
I knew of one other way and when all
seemed lost—I took it. I killed the old
people—the murderers of her father—of
my Jean! I knew that would destroy
Strang's power—"

irang's power—"
In a sudden spasm of strength he lifted its head. His voice came in a hoarse, excited whisper. "You won't tell Marion—you won't tell Marion that I killed them—"

"No-never." Obadish fell back with a relieved sigh. 'In a chest in the cabin there is a letter for Marion. It tells her about her mother —and the gold there—is for her—and

His eyes closed, A shudder passed through his form.
"Marion—" he breathed. "Marion!"

As one grows old the bowels grow less active. Some then take harsh cathartics, and their bowels harden. Then

they multiply the dose. Some take candy Cascarets. They act in natural ways, and one tablet a day is sufficient.

Vest-pecket bes, 10 conta-at drag-stores. People now use a millies boses mostaly.

## **Delightful California**

Roses, Sunshine and Warmth

Only 24 hours from Salt Lake City.



Only 24 hours from Salt Lake City.

3-Through Daily Fast Trains-3

With all the comforts of home.

For rates and information call at City Ticket Office, 169 South Main Street.

cilor.

In the great low room in which Obadiah Price had spent so many years planning his vengeance Captain Plum Waited.

After a time, the girl came back.

There was great pain in her voice an she stretched out her arms to him blindly, sobbing his name.

COMMITS MURDERS

Blinding fears shut out the vision of the girl from his eyes. He pointed, look-ing from her, and she, knowing what he neant, sped past him to the old coun-

TO GET BACK GIFT

Aged Man Repents Handing Over Property, and Is the

Cause of Four Deaths.

PARIS, Jan. 7.—From London comes the story of an awful tragedy, a double murder, the suicide of the assassin and the suicide of a man whose wife and

daughter had been murdered.

Jean Chanel, a prosperous farmer, who had lost his wife four months ago, made a deed of gift by which he made over everything on it to his niece, Mme. Aussenac, who was in return to support her uncle and to give him pocket money. Arrangements of this kind are quite usual in this country.

Mme. Aussenac, with her husband and

ame Aussenac, went to live at the farm, and did all in their power to console the old man. By French law a deed of gift is irrevocable. He found out that if his niece and her daughters died he would become their heir. He would be the owner

commit murder.

The head of the house was off on a business trip at the time. It was night when M. Aussenac returned. All was dark in the farmhouse and the door was locked. Then he heard his youngest daughter's voice call to him. He could not get in at the ground floor, but the shutters were not closed upstairs. He was an active man, and climbed up the side of the house and got into his daughters' bedroom.

on the floor was Mme. Aussenac. Her

home. Mother had been froning when he came in, and the iron was on the board. He took it up and he killed mother with it. Alice and I cried and begged uncie to spare us. Alice was clinging round his knees, and I lay here and cried. I tried to get up and run away, but I could not. Then uncle killed Alice with a knife."

Special Cable to The Tribune.

Nathaniel held out his arms. 'Only Nell,"-he cried, "only Nell-

throbbing against his breast

"And you—
She raised her face, glorious in its love,
"If you want me—still."
And he whispered:
"For ever and for ever!"
THE END.

M. Aussenac left the room to look for him. Chanel had heard him when he came to the front door and had run up to the garret. But as he burst in there he heard a shout of savage triumph. The window of the garret was open. Aussenac ran to the window, looked out, and ran downstairs again. He unlocked the barn door, and there, upon the stone in from of it, he found the murderer. But the old man was dead—had thrown himself out of the window. Mine Aussenne lived long enough to confirm her daughter's

story.

Next morning a villager found the body of M. Aussenac in a pend. He could not survive his wife's death and he had drowned himself, leaving a letter which told the whole story.



#### Soft White Hands

Red, rough hands on retiring usually become soft, white hands on rising through this simple and economical "one night" treatment: Bathe and soak the hands on retiring, in a strong, hot lather of Cuticura Soap. Dry and anoint freely with Cuticura Ointment, and wear during the night old, loose gloves, or a light bandage to protect the clothing. Most effective for chapped, itching, burning and bleeding hands.

Send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Bos-ton, for free book on care of the skin.

ment. Frauds and Fakirs profit by the credulity of the careless or ignorant. but appeal to the Intelligent thinking Men and Women honest straightforward statements, and thrive because they give value received for

Drs. Shores Are Strictly Reliable

Eighteen years of aquare Dealing with them the largest practice in the west. Low fees, mild and painless treatment and guaranteed cures in all curable cases have made their names household words from Logan to St. George.

from Logan to St. George.

BEWARE OF THE FAKIR who promises to cure incurable diseases. Steer clear of the Fraud who promises to cure you with a few doses of medicine. Drs. Shores cure their patients when a cure is possible and tell you frankly before you start treatment if the case is curable. Drs. Shores' long experience enables them to cure you quicker and for less money than others—but they never resort to trickery or lying promises in order to obtain a fee. Do a little thinking for your health's sake—then consult Drs. Shores free about your trouble.

\$5.00 a Month—

AND

**CURE** 

Lung

Rheu-

matism

Epilepsy

Insomnia

Stomach

Liver

and

Kidney

Bladder

Trouble

and all

Chronic Nervous

Diseaser

that are

curable

and Private

Hay Fever

Trouble

**HOME TREATMENT CURES** For all Catarrhal. Chronic Diseases. All medicines free. Consultation Free, Confidential and invited for any RITE If you live out of town Will I for free symptom list

TREAT YOUNG AGED

### A Special Department for MIDDLE-AND OLD

the treatment and cure of all Private Diseases of Men. whether caused by ignorance, excesses or contagion. Young men who have been led astray by bad companions -middle-aged men who have gone to excesses-old men who find their sexual vigor gone-unfortunates who have contracted diseases-the victims of Blood Poison-and all others who need the counsel and aid of experienced and kindly physicians, are cordially invited to consult this department and be advised FREE OF CHARGE. Skin Diseases

We cure more men than all the Fake Medical Institues and Quack Doctors Combined.

WE CURE TO STAY CURED LOST MANHOOD SEXUAL WEAKNESS, VARICO-CELE. CONTRACTED DISEASES — DISCHARGES, SPECIFIC BLOOD POISON, WASTING DRAINS, ETC., and you may pay in small weekly or monthly installments as the case progresses, or you may PAY WHEN CURED in all private diseases. No charge for medicines.

WOMEN Weak, tiredout, sickly women — suffering from the
ills peculiar to
the sex—quickly cured at
s mall cost.
Consultation
Free and Confidential.

Drs. SHORES & SHORES

Expert Specialists

249 Main Street (Over the 15c Store.)

OFFICE HOURS-Week days. 9 to 5;

evenings, 7 to 8. Sundays, 10 to 12.